

The Death Of Queen Jane (Child No. 170)

Joan Baez

Queen Jane lay in labor
For six weeks and more
The women grew weary
And the midwife gave o'er

King Henry, he was sent for
On horse back and speed
King Henry came to her
In the time of her need

Oh Henry, good King Henry
If that you do be
Please pierce my side open
And save my baby

Oh no Jane, good Queen Jane
That never could be
I'd lose my sweet flower
To save my baby

Queen Jane she turned over
She fell all in a swoon
Her side was pierced open
And the baby was found

How bright was the morning
How yellow was the moon
How costly the white coat
Queen Jane was wrapped in

King Henry he weeped
He wrung his hands 'til they're sore
The flower of England
Will never be no more